MY OWN VENETIAN ROSE

WORDS BY
JOE McCARTHY
MUSIC BY
JACK GLOGAU &
AL. PIANTADOSI

POPULAR EDITION
LEO. FEIST INC NEW YORK
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"You Can't Go Wrong With A 'Feist' Song"

We Take Our Hats Off To You, Mr. Wilson!

CHORUS. BLANCHE MERRILL.

We take our hats off to you, Mis-ter Wil - son, — Our hats are off to you, — You're the man of the

Cotton Blossom Time.

CHORUS. MAHONEY WENRICH.

Pick-in' cot-ton blossoms, hunt-in' possums, They don't need the money, life is sun-ny, How they smile! — Mouths a spreadin' like a

Just Bring Two Lips Along.

CHORUS. BAYHA-MEYER.

Don't stop for ros - es, It's not for ros-es I pine, don't get me vi - o - lets; Save your mon-ey, dear,

On The Shores Of Italy.

CHORUS. PIANTADOSI-GLOGAU.

On the shores of It - al - y, — there my sweet - heart waits for me, — In my dreams I al - ways hear, —

Celebration Day In Tennessee.

CHORUS. BROWN-GLOGAU.

There's An-na Lize in her Sun - day gown, Eph is a fun - ny clown, See them there, I de - clare, Who's that

When It's Moonlight On The Alamo.

CHORUS. BRYAN-FISCHER.

For when it's moon-light on the Al-a-mo, then you know, I love you so, — While the man-do-lins are soft-ly play-ing,

If your dealer does not have them, order direct, **15** cents each.

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"My Own Venetian Rose"

By the writers of

Dreamy Italian Waltz – Italian Sernade
and
On The Shores Of Italy.

Words and Music by
AL. PIANTADOSI,
JACK GLOGAU &
JOE Mc CARTHY

Tempo di Valse

f

p

Way down
Each night

in an old Ve-net-ian town I have a sweet-heart a-wait-ing me.
lots of let-ters I will write, I tear them up, 'cause I love you so.

I frown ev-'ry time I look a-round, I'm
I write al-ways keep-ing you in sight, If

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mad till her face I can see. Oh, Rose Mar-ie - - a!_____ Please, wait for some-one who's
you got each let-ter, you'd know. Oh, Rose Mar-ie - - a!_____ If you love an-y-one

mf

long-ing to-night for you,_____ Long-ing for just one sweet sight of you._____
else won't you tell me so,_____ Just tell the waves, and they'll let me know._____

CHORUS

Oh! my sweet Ven-et-ian rose,_____ How I want you, no-one

p-f

knows,_____ Ev-'ry sad wave in the deep blue sea Sends a

love from you to me, When I sip my old red wine, I can

feel your lips touch mine, For you seem to be part of me, And

you own the heart of me My own sweet Ven - et - ian rose. Oh! my

rose. rose, My own sweet Ven - et - ian rose.

TELLER, SONS & DORNER, NEW-YORK.

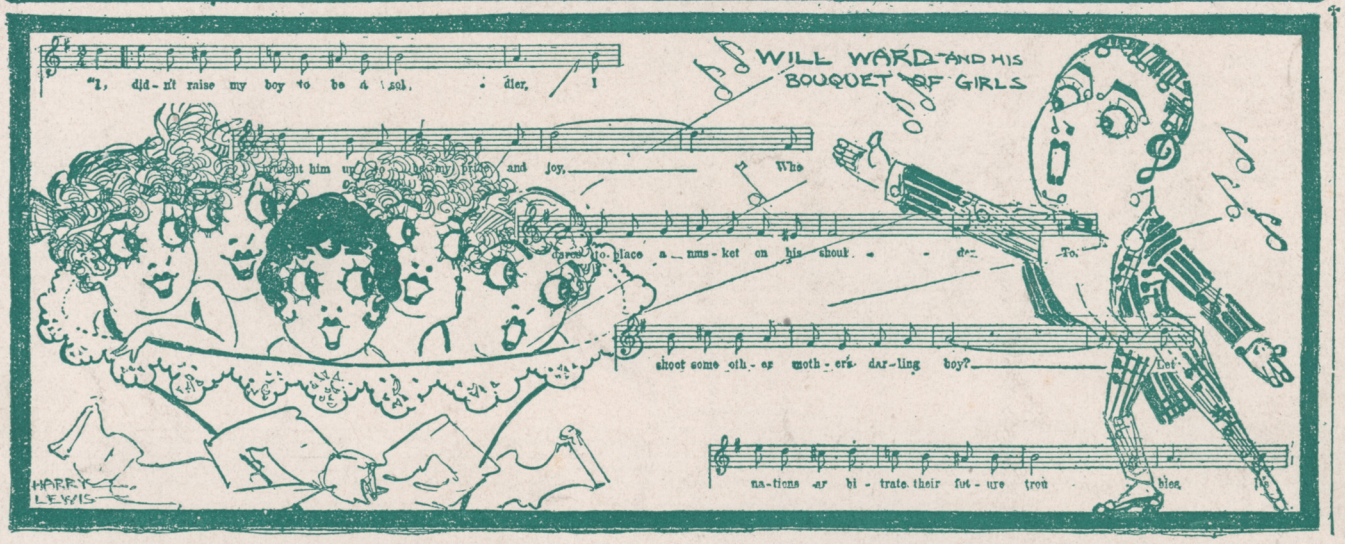
READ WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT

"I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"

It's Another "Tipperary" as Sure as You're Born

REPRINTED FROM THE "NEW YORK AMERICAN."

WILL WARD and his bouquet of girls are making the greatest hit of the year at the Alhambra Theatre in singing the great song success, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."


WILL WARD AND HIS BOUQUET OF GIRLS
"I, did-n't raise my boy to be a sol- dier, I
brought him up to be my pride and joy, Who
dares to place a mus-ket on his shoul- der To
shoot some oth-er moth-er's dar-ling boy?
na-tions ar bi-trate their fut-ure trou bles,
HARRY LEWIS

The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

THIS SONG WOULD END THE WAR

Remarkable Work Suggesting Peace for All Nations.

A song has just been published, which, if adopted by various countries, would speedily put an end to international and foreign warfare. The song is entitled, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!" and although only out a few days has proved the most startling hit New York has known in many years. Here is a part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

The song which portrays a mother's version of peace and happiness is a wondertul precept of parental wisdom and is the utterance of woman's unselfish love for her offspring, teaching a lesson that will go down the corridors of time with a beneficient warning against battle and bloodshed.

The song is of such a popular character that it is even being introduced in the public schools.

Buffalo Courier, Sunday, Jan. 17, 1915.

A SONG AIMED TO CHECK WARFARE

Expressions of An American Mother on Modern Conflicts.

A philanthropical New York man has just put out a song which is the mirror of a mother's heart. Eliminating the commercial element, he has, primarily issued it to render a national service, and, if possible, to end the horrors of warfare. Two clever writers, Al Bryan and A. Piantadosi, were engaged to construct the song. Here is a part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say,
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

An American mother is speaking. With loyal instinct she breathes a sigh in the lines, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier!" because she knoweth full well that a soldier's lot is to kill—or die. The beauty of the thought is so apparent and the music so skillfully woven that the song is achieving a popularity second to no other musical work written within a century.

The Times-Picayune, New Orleans, Sunday, Jan. 17, '95.

NEW YORK'S LATEST SONG NOVELTY

Popular Eastern Work Which is Speeding Thro' the South.

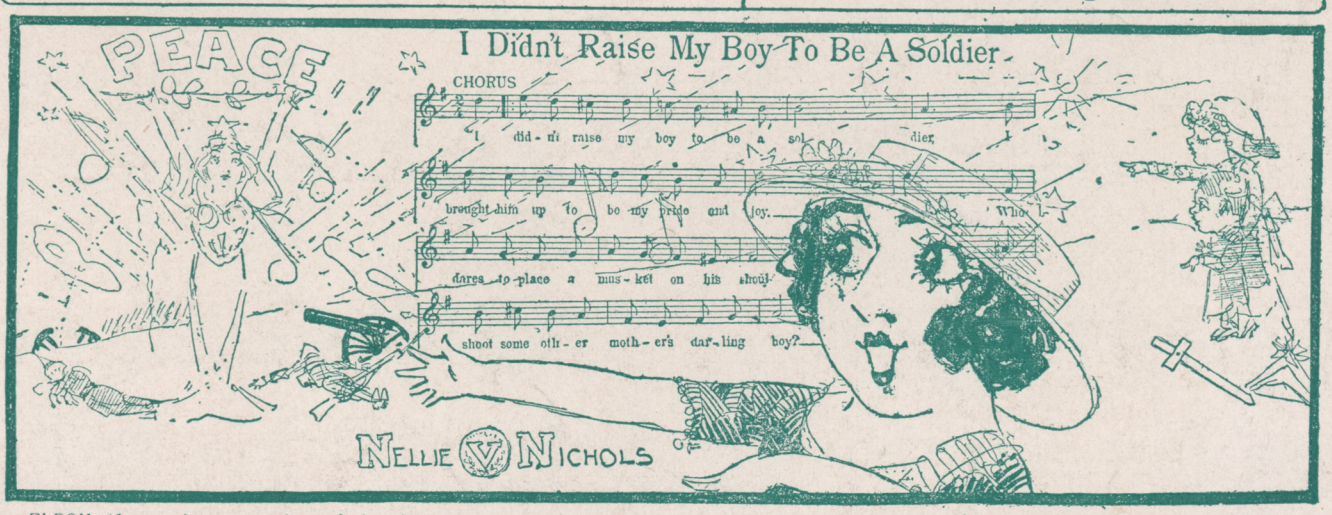
Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters of Greater New York, are enthusing over a new song called, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," which is said to be one of the most marked hits of years. The text of the song reflects the love of a mother who scorns to rear her lad to shoulder a rifle and take the life of his fellow-man. Following is part of the chorus:

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war to-day, if mothers all would say
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.

The song has a fascinating swing with martial strains that cling unalteringly to the memory. Of all the modern songs with war themes thus far written, this work is the most foremost because it possesses a heart interest so convincing as to cause it to live for generations as a worthy effort to frustrate war.

Several advance copies of the song reached New Orleans yesterday.

"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," a Keith Song Hit


PEACE
I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier
CHORUS
I did-n't raise my boy to be a sol- dier,
brought him up to be my pride and joy, Who
dares to place a mus-ket on his shoul-
shoot some oth-er moth-er's dar-ling boy?
NELLIE V NICHOLS

SELDOM if ever has a popular ballad won such instantáneous success as "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" the war ballad that Nellie V Nichols, the accomplished singing comedienne, is featuring at B. F. Keith's Royal Theatre, in the Bronx. Only a little more than a week old, it has created a furore in New York and is sweeping to success in other cities.

Audiences have demanded that it be sung over and over again until it has become a very real feature in every sense of the word

The song has all the sentiment that is required just at this time. There are few songs in which the words are so cleverly wedded to the music. They seem naturally to come together and can be sung with peculiar ease.

Certainly the people understand this after they have heard Miss Nichols sing it over. But the most surprising thing is how easily those in the audience pick it up.

The song is the chief event of this reigning bill at the popular Bronx temple of vaudeville. The personal magnetism of the singer and her inimitable method of getting the most out of a song does this splendid number the justice which it well deserves. Miss Nichols received encore after encore, and was only allowed to depart after she had convinced the audience she had already occupied the stage several minutes longer than is allotted for her act.

Clark and Hamilton, the English musical comedy stars, gave their pleasing musical specialty, 'A Wayward Conceit," while Harry Carroll, the boy composer of popular songs, rendered several of his latest compositions. Eva Condon and Jack Devereaux and company presented a comedietta that pleased, and Boganny's "Lunatic Bakers," Roach and McCurdy, the Fridowskt Troupe and Carl Demarest concluded the bill.

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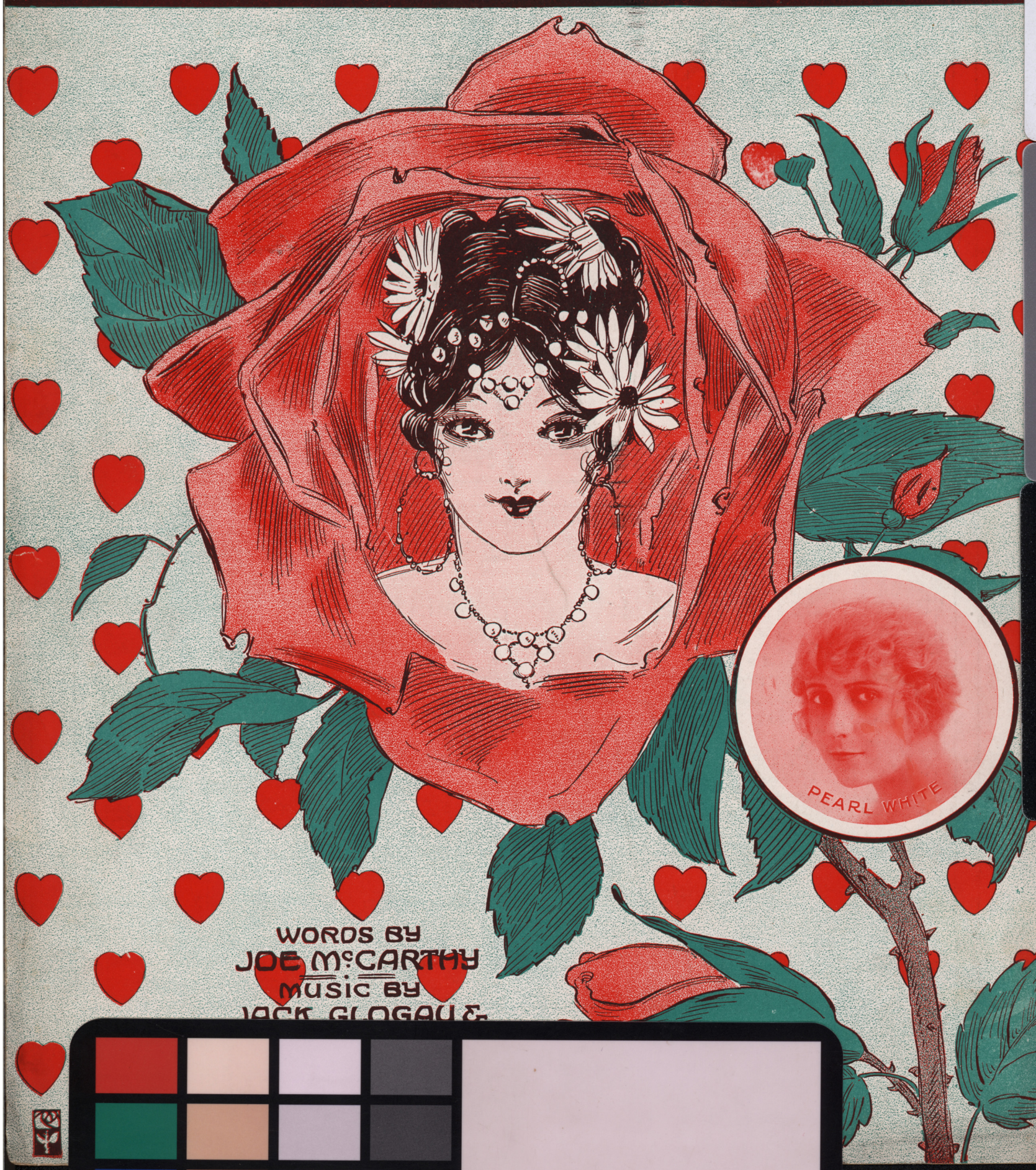

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5